And kneele ſweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And ſweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute by good aduiſe
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe trayterous Gothes,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt theſe Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely ſtill in league,
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back.
And when he ſleepes will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your leſſon then, boy what ſay you?
Puer I ſay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle ſo will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their boſomes Grandſir.
Titus. No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court.

I marry will we ſir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marc. O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his hart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred ſhield,
But yet ſo iuſt, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore, and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.

Chiron. Demetrius heeres the ſonne of *Lucius*,
He hath ſome meſſage to deliuer vs.
Aron. I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
Puer. That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſier well aduiſde hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's heere? a ſcrole, and written round about?
Let's ſee,
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcus.
Chiron. O tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well.